

# SIERRA MADRE NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1919.

VOL. XIII, NO. 32.

## A Coat of Paint

on that house, garage or fence will brighten it up and make it more attractive to the buyer.

Don't wait for lower prices as paint manufacturers say reductions not probable this year. :: :: ::

PAINTS,  
STAINS,  
VARNISHES,  
ENAMELS,  
BRUSHES,  
GLASS.

\*\*\*

Sierra Madre  
Hardware Co.  
31-35 West Central

CITY PRICES  
OR LOWER

## VISIT THE FOX STUDIOS

In response to an invitation from Assistant Supt. L. Seiler, of the Fox Moving Picture Corporation, we loaded the family into the machine and drove to hustling Hollywood Saturday afternoon and visited this wonderful land of make-believe.

Big, genial, Policeman J. A. Collingwood, who has been with the company since the foundation for the first building was laid, was detailed to make it a "personally conducted" affair and devoted the better part of three hours piloting us into strange and mysterious places and confidently exposing the "tricks of the trade."

And the sights we saw—oh boy—two whole blocks of them. And the actors and actresses, the whole solar system of stars—the fat policeman, the world familiar comedy man, the hero, the villain, and the vamp.

And say, the dresses those girls wore, were so tight around the bottom that some of them had ripped from the hem up ten or twelve inches.

Anyway it was a liberal education crowded into a short space of time and we will always have a warm spot in our hearts for Colonel Seiler and Captain Collingwood and in the future will always give the Fox "fullums" the preference—and if this story isn't worth a repeat invitation (when the sun is shining) it is "loves" labor lost."

## CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BENEFIT PLAY

The home talent play mentioned in the News several weeks ago is materializing and held the first rehearsal Tuesday night.

The cast includes some of the best talent in the city and the public is promised a high class performance by the promoter, Chas. C. Wilson, pastor of the Congregational church.

The play will be given at the Woman's Club house about June 1st, the proceeds will go to the building improvement fund of the church. Full details later.

## FOUNDER OF THE NEWS WRITES FROM CHINA

Thirteen and one-half years ago, the News was founded by Rev. R. T. Cowles, and printed on a job press, four column folio size. During all these years Rev. Cowles has kept in touch with Sierra Madre affairs thru correspondence with old friends, although he has been at the other side of the world doing missionary work.

The following letter to S. R. G. Twycross, will be interesting to many of our readers.

Wuchow, South China.  
Dear Mr. Twycross:—Sierra Madre must have grown a great deal since we saw it last. Time flies and changes take place rapidly. Could you mail me a copy of the Sierra Madre News—I should like to see what the paper looks like now.

We are all keeping well and busy here. Mrs. Cowles has her hands full with our little tribe all right. Five of them now, you know. Milton, our eldest, is going on twelve years old now, and is a big boy. Helen, the youngest, 15 months now, is as lively as the rest, just beginning to walk alone. Our house, just a frame shack you would call it at home, has only six rooms and our bunch sure fills it up. In the children's bedrooms we have "double deckers" built, bunk fashion for them to sleep in. This hill top where we live is a fine place for the children—plenty of ground for them to run about. They are a fine and healthy crew as you could wish to see.

Work goes along here in about the same routine way from day to day. There is nothing in the way of news to write further than what I put in print, so I'll not repeat here.

We enjoy hearing from you, and hope you will write again when you have time.

Many thanks for the gift enclosed in your letter. We appreciate your interest in us and the work we are doing.

With Christian regards,  
R. T. Cowles.

## CALIFORNIA BEHIND WITH QUOTA

### Many Other States in With Their Quota of Loan

### Twenty-five Per Cent of the Loan To Be Subscribed

The Victory Liberty Loan is still dragging and National, State, County and Municipal committees are making frantic efforts to induce the people to subscribe for this last and best government loan.

Have we forgotten already, the fear of human victory? Are we ungrateful for the quick deliverance from the threatened German invasion? Have we forgotten our heroes sleeping on a foreign soil? And the survivors who wish for a speedy return home? Are we so selfish that we refuse a 5 per cent investment, secure as the eternal hills, because of a chance speculation that may yield greater returns? Will we repudiate our honorable obligation? Will we allow our country to be humiliated before the nations of the world?

Forget you are a Sierra Madrian, and remember you are an American. Reverse your telescope and place the small end to your eye so that you can see the whole United States.

You have always helped nobly before, but now you are asked to go to the limit, and make a real sacrifice if necessary. Perhaps you have loaned your loose change—dig up your bank roll, and help this loan to success.

You were causally asked to contribute to a fund for devastated France, a short time ago, and although the money was a gift not a loan, you gave almost double the amount asked, and it was for a foreign country, who will be well provided for in the peace terms. The Victory Loan is an investment, and a gilt-edged one, for your own dear country. Will you fail her? Will you make a sacrifice if necessary?

A little four-year-old tot brought one of her dolls to the News office Uncle Sam.

### A MARIGOLD CITY

The city flower garden was plowed the last of last week, turning under the weeds before they went to seed. Later in the season, the Board of Trade, represented by W. W. Felgate will plant marigolds, and seeds of the same flower will be offered the public to plant in their yards and along the walks, so that there will be an abundance of material with which to decorate our floats for the parade of the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena next winter.

as a gift to another little girl who had none, and as she kissed her dollie good bye and the tears rolled down her little cheeks, she made a greater sacrifice than any person in Sierra Madre has yet made in subscribing for this loan.

Perhaps you have already subscribed—subscribe again. Perhaps you have not subscribed to this or to previous loans—subscribe now and show your friends and neighbors that you are true American. If you have not the cash subscribe anyway and pay on the installment plan—you'll be money ahead at the end of less than a year and the proud feeling of ownership of a government bond will more than repay you for the economy you may have to practice to meet the payments.

Don't worry about Sierra Madre going over the top. She'll go over all right. This question is bigger than Sierra Madre, and civic pride—its national, and you belong.

You subscribed to the Third Liberty Loan 401 per cent, to the Fourth Liberty Loan 212 per cent of the quota. Will you do less for the Fifth Liberty Loan?

The committee headquarters at the First National Bank will be open to-night and tomorrow night until 8 o'clock. Come on, folks, help out your Uncle Sam.

### WISTARIA VISITORS STILL COMING

During the Wistaria fete, some enterprising employee of a well known automobile company of Los Angeles, snapped a picture of the Fennel home with the well known automobile in the foreground.

Last Saturday this picture appeared in the Los Angeles Express as an advertisement, the deceptive reading matter leading the public to believe that the vine was still in full bloom, and something like a couple of thousand people drove out to see it—only to be disappointed as there is not a blossom on the vine, now.

Each Sunday since the fete closed, the Fennel family have been annoyed by the crowds that continued to come and at least on one of these occasions a special police was employed to turn the crowd back.

### FLOWER FETE FIGURES

All of our readers will be interested in the financial result of the Wistaria vine fete which brought such crowds to Sierra Madre last month. Mrs. Marian E. Lees, treasurer of the Woman's Club has prepared an itemized statement showing the receipts and disbursements, which shows the following totals. The net profits were divided equally between the Woman's Club and the Board of Trade.

Receipts ..... \$1571.65  
Disbursements ..... 908.99  
Profit ..... \$ 662.66

### DIED

Mrs. Louisa Davis, aged 53 years, died Sunday at the Pasadena Hospital. Funeral was held Tuesday afternoon from the Allen T. Gay Undertaking rooms, Rev. H. J. Baldwin officiating. Interment in Sierra Madre cemetery.

The deceased, who leaves a husband, H. Davis, was only ill a few hours and death was the result of locked bowels, which an operation failed to relieve. The sympathy of all is extended to the bereaved husband.

## MORE DOGS ARE POISONED

Several additional canines went to dog heaven last week via the poison route and speculation is varied as to the reason, intent and cause.

Some cling to the theory that chicken owners put out poison for cats, which kill chickens, others think gopher and squirrel poison is responsible, but the majority who express an opinion are firm in the belief that it is pure cussedness on the part of some party or parties who put out the poison with the intention and hope of destroying dogs.

The News cannot believe that this latter theory is correct, because, Sierra Madre is not a "dog town" in the sense that there is a quantity of worthless cur dogs here. Almost all of the dogs owned in Sierra Madre are blooded animals. Many of them of pure breed and valuable. They are not vicious and just why anyone would wish to kill such dogs, wholesale, we cannot understand.

After numerous inquiries, developing the fact that numbers of persons have seen dogs digging up garbage buried in back yards, we believe that some people are careless about throwing disinfectants into the garbage and the dogs dig it up and obtain the poison in this way.

However, your guess may be as good as ours and every one of us should keep a close watch to discover if possible the real manner in which Sierra Madre dogs are poisoned and when positive proof is secured, a positive remedy should be applied.

### BETHANY PASTOR LEAVES

Rev. H. J. Baldwin, pastor of the Bethany church here has accepted a call from the Emmanuel Presbyterian church at Colorado Springs, Colorado and, with his family, will leave for his new field next Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. Baldwin are leaving many warm friends here who regret their departure, but wish them God-speed in their new location.

**SALE**  
**PORCH FURNITURE**

**BERGREN BROS.**

## FERN LODGE

in the Big Santa Anita Canyon



THE ONLY SECOND-CLASS MOUNTAIN RESORT in CALIFORNIA, BUT WE HAVE HERE ELECTRIC LIGHTS, SANITARY SHOWER BATHS & TOILETS, TELEPHONE, PURE SPRING WATER AND THE BEST BEDS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

TELEPHONE US FOR FURTHER INFORMATION  
G. H. PETERSON Camp Manager, TELEPHONE A-114 BELL'S

**E. D. TOPPING, Prop.**  
SIERRA MADRE CALIFORNIA

## J. F. SADLER & CO.

THIS WEEK WE ARE SHOWING NEW LINES OF CHILDREN'S PLAY SUITS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

### BILLIE BOSS DRESSES

For girls, made of khaki colored Galatea and fancy stripes reversible collar, cuffs and belts ..... \$2.50

### OVER-SUITS

For boys or girls, made of khaki cloth, trimmed in red. Special Price ..... \$1.15

MEN'S KHAKI SUITS—98c. MEN'S SOFT SHIRTS, white—95c  
BROWN, WHITE, BLACK HOSE, 59c

PHONE BLACK 85

## J. F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

# The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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## CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

—16—

"That makes no difference," Daphne stormed, already converted to the shop religion. "Customers must not find the door shut. Run open it at once. Suppose Mrs. Romilly dropped in. We'd lose her—unless this notoriety drives her away." A little blush of shame flickered in Daphne's pale cheeks a moment and went out. She sighed: "I suppose Mr. Duane has stopped that check, too—if he ever sent it. Oh, dear!"

Then a nurse knocked; brought in a card growing in a large little azalea tree. Daphne scanned it. "Mr. Thomas Varick Duane!" She peered closer at the penciling and read aloud: "I just learned. I'm heart-broken. Isn't there anything I can do?"

Daphne felt as if outraged society had forgiven her.

"Isn't he darling?" she murmured. Mrs. Chivvis begged a stingy, "Well, of course—" She had the poor folks' conscientious scruples against wasting praise on the rich. "You'll want to see him, I presume."

But Daphne had had enough of evil appearance. "See him here? Never!" She glared at poor Mrs. Chivvis with a reproof that was excruciating to accept, and ordered her to go down and meet Mr. Duane and incidentally learn about the check. "Business is business," she said.

Mrs. Chivvis descended in all the confusion of a Puritan wife meeting a Cavalier beau. She came back later to say that Mr. Duane was really very nice, and spoke beautifully and had sent the check and would send another if Daphne wished it, and would make old Mrs. Romilly go on with the order, and would she like some special fruits or soups or something? He was really very nice.

Daphne eyed her with ironic horror and said, "You've been flirting with him! and me so helpless here!"

"Daph!—nee!! Kip!!!" Mrs. Chivvis screamed. The only counter-thrust she could think of was, "And what does Mr. Wimburn say?"

This sobered Daphne. Why had Clay sent no word? Everybody else in town had seen the papers. Clay read the papers. Surely he was not capable of such monstrous pique. When your worst enemy gets badly hurt you've just got to forgive—if you're human.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Leila was determined to endure everything that might be necessary to regain her beauty. She would go through any ordeal of knives or plaster casts or splints or medicines for that. She was quite grim about it. Her resolution extended to the spending of as much of Bayard's money as might be necessary on surgeons' fees and doctors' bills. If she bankrupted Bayard it would be with the tenderest motives.

Five times she went to the operating table, made that infernal journey into etherland, knowing what sufferings waited her, what retching and burning and bleeding. She braved death again and again, took long chances with cowering bravado. And all for Bayard's sake.

One morning when Bayard reached his office after a harrowing all-night vigil at Leila's side he was just falling asleep over the first mail when his telephone snarled. He reached for it with alarm. A voice boomed in his ear:

"Ah you thah?"

"Yes."

"Keep the line, please. Now, you ah through, sir?"

Then a growl replaced the boom, a growl that made the receiver rattle:

"Ah you thah, Mr. Kip? This is Colonel Marchmont. I dare say you remember our conversation about those damned contracts with Wetherell. A little farther discussion might not be amiss—if you could make it perfectly convenient to drop ovah at, say, a quatah pahts afah?—Good! I shall expect you at that."

Bayard pondered. What new persecution was fate preparing? As he went to the office, he bought an evening paper. A heavily headed cablegram announced that the laborers in the British munition works were striking or threatening to strike. A gleam of understanding came into Bayard's eye. When he reached the desk of Colonel Marchmont he looked unabashed into the revolver muzzle of the old war horse's one eye.

Without any preliminary courtesies or any softening of his previous tone the colonel snorted: "Those devilish contracts you made with Wetherell—The poor fellow is no longer alive—more's the pity, but—Well, I'm afraid I was a bit severe with you. I fancy we might see our way to renewing those contracts at a reasonable figure—say at a 25 per cent reduction from the terms you quoted."

Bayard smiled and shook his head. He bluffed the bluffer. "The prices we quoted included only a fair profit, colonel. Since then materials have been going up in price every minute, owing to the demand from abroad.

And the home market is booming. We can sell all our product here, and more, too, than we can make."

Colonel Marchmont squirmed, but he was a soldier and loved a good counter-attack. He smiled as he squirmed. Wetherell was avenged when his successor signed new contracts at a higher price than he had made. The changing times changed everything; yesterday's exorbitance was today's bargain.

Bayard departed with a wallet full of business. He got back to his office on feet flogged with Mercurial wings. His feet were beautiful on the rug of the president's office.

Bayard felt so kindly to all the world that he hurried to the hospital



Wetherell Was Avenged When His Successor Signed New Contracts at a Higher Price Than He Had Made.

to scatter good news like flowers over Leila's couch. She was in that humor when anybody else's good fortune was an added grief to her.

"I'm no use to you now," she wailed. "I never was much. But at least I dressed and kept looking fit. And you said I was pretty. But now—Oh, Bayard, Bayard! You used to call me beautiful, and I tried to be beautiful for you. But now—To be ugly and useless both—it's too much!"

Wise pathfinders say that when you are wandering in strange country you should turn every now and then and look back at the way you came. It wears a different aspect entirely from its look as you approached, and you will need to know how it will look when you return.

From childhood on, Leila had been warned against extravagance—as Bayard had, as have we all. But only now that she was looking backward could she realize the wisdom, the intolerable truth of the adage, "Waste not, want not."

Meanwhile Daphne was having so different a history that she felt ashamed. It seemed unfair to her to get well quickly and with no blemish except a scar or two that would not show, while Leila hung between death and deformity.

But seeing Bayard alone and hearing Leila fret, she felt confirmed in her belief that she had done the wholesome thing when she joined the laboring classes. There were discouragements without cease, yet Daphne was learning what a remedy for how many troubles there is in work. It seemed to be almost panacea. It was exciting, fatiguing, alarming, but it was objective. She was on her way at last to that fifty thousand a year she had dreamed of. She was uncertain yet of earning a thousand a year, but she was a wonderful improvement on what it had been.

She was, indeed, a mere shell, and Clay was not entirely successful with his compliments.

Leila sighed: "Much obliged for your good intentions. I'm a mere sack of bones, but I'm going to get well. The doctors say that if I take care of myself every minute and go to a lot of specialists and go to Bar Harbor in the hot weather and to Palm Beach in the cold and spend about a million dollars I'll be myself some day. That's not much, but it's all I've got to work for. Poor Bayard! He didn't know he was endowing a hospital when he married me."

"What do I care, honey?" Bayard cried, with perfect chivalry. "The money is rolling in and I'd rather spend it on you than on anybody else."

"The money's rolling out just as fast as it rolls in," Leila sighed. "The Lord seems to provide a new expense for every streak of luck. And that's my middle name—Expense."

She had actually learned one lesson. That was a hopeful sign.

Clay sought Daphne in her odious (to him) place of business. She asked him what she could sell him. He said he would wait till the shop closed. She raised her eyebrows impudently and gave him a chair in a corner. He sat there feeling as out of place as a strange man in a harem.

Eventually the last garrulous customer talked herself dumb; the last sewing woman went. Mrs. Chivvis pulled down the curtains in the show window and at the door and bade good night.

Then Daphne locked the door, dropped wearily into a chair, and sighed, "Well, Clay?"

"I want to know why you don't give up Tom Duane."

She shrugged her excellent shoul-

ders again, but she did not smile. Where've you been, Clay? But wait—you can tell me on the way over to the new shop."

When she led him into her new emporium the graceful fabrics displayed were all red rags to him. He was a bull in a crimson shop.

Daphne made Clay sit down and asked him if it were not all perfectly lovely. He waited until Mrs. Chivvis went on to the workroom. He had a glimpse of a number of girls and women on sewing bent. They were laughing and chattering.

He answered, "It's perfectly loath-

some?" Or do you cut out the kiddies?"

Daphne blushed, too. "Well, I should think that the business woman could afford babies better than anybody else. She has to give up the housework, anyway, even when she's a housekeeper. I suppose she could give up her shop for a while. At least she could share the expense—or her husband could stand the bills since he escapes the pain. I tell you, if I ever had a daughter I'd make her learn her own trade if she never learned anything else. I'd never raise her to the hideous, indecent belief that the world owes her a living and she's got a right to squeeze it out of the heart's blood of some hard-working man. No, sirree! It may be old-fashioned, but it isn't decent, and it isn't even romantic. The love of two free souls, with their own careers and their own expenses, seems to me about the best kind of love there could be. Then both of them can come home evenings and their home will be a home—a fresh, sweet meeting place."

He leaped at the implication: "Because you love me?"

"Because I used to."

"Don't you say more?" he groaned.

"How can I tell? It's been months and months since I saw the Clay Wimburn that came out to Cleveland and lured me on to New York. The only Clay Wimburn I've seen for some time has been a horribly prosperous, domineering snob who is too proud to be seen with a working woman. He wants to marry a lady. I never was one and don't want to be one. I'm a business woman and I love it."

"And you wouldn't give up your shop for me?"

"Certainly not."

He looked at her with baffled emotions. She was so delectable and so obstinate, so right-headed and so wrong-headed. It was intolerable that she should keep a shop. He spoke after a long delay:

"May I come and see you once in a while?"

"If you want to."

"Where you living now?"

"Still at the Chivvises."

"You ought to take better care of yourself than that. Surely you can afford a better home."

"I suppose so, but it would be lonely anywhere else. It has been safe there—since you quit calling on me. It doesn't cost me much."

"But you're making so much money."

"Not so very much—yet, but it's all my own and I made every cent of it, and—golly! how I love to watch it grow."

"You miser."

"Maybe. I guess that's the only way to save money—to make a passion out of it and get a kind of voluptuous feeling from it. But I really think that it's the fun of making it that interests me most. It certainly keeps me out of mischief and out of loneliness. Oh, there's no freedom like having a job and a little reserve in the bank. It's the only life, Clay."

"And you wouldn't give up your freedom, as you call it, even for a man you loved? Couldn't you love a man enough to do that?"

"I could love a man too much to do that. For where's the love in a woman's sitting around the house all day and waiting for a man to come home and listen to the gossip of her empty brain? That isn't loving; that's loafing."

Clay was not at all persuaded. "But there's no comfort or home life in marrying a business woman."

"How do you know? You know plenty of unsuccessful wives who are not business women."

"I want a housekeeper, not a shopkeeper."

"Go get one, then, I say. If a woman can't earn enough outside to hire a housekeeper let her do her own housework. But if she can earn enough to

hire others again, but she did not smile. She spoke instead: "I don't ask you to give up your stenographer."

"Oh, it's like that, eh? Well, then, why won't you let me lend you money instead of Tom Duane?"

Her answer astounded him with its feminine logic: "I can borrow of Mr. Duane because I don't love him and never did and he knows it. I can't borrow of you because—"

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**Just the Things**  
To please your family—the novelties of Spring—Easter gifts—sensible presents that lighten the burdens and make life worth living. Our reasonable prices ease the way.

**BOYD PARK**  
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**SEND US YOUR FROZEN, LEAKY,  
DAMAGED RADIATORS**

We pay transportation one way. Returned like new. ACETYLENE WELDING in all its branches. We save you time and money.

**H. & E. Radiator & Welding Co.**  
252 Edison Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

**LIFE HOLDS NOTHING BETTER**

**Man That Has Contentment in His Heart Need Seek No Further for Happiness.**

Discontent with his lot in life is the great curse of the man of ordinary estate in this world. To have the things that are beyond his reach consumes him with a ceaseless fire. Such men, as a rule, have enough and to spare, but this does not seem to satisfy them. If they would only determine to be content with what they have they would be happy.

The consequence is that they make a dismal failure of a life that could easily have been a great success as far as their happiness is involved. And, without happiness it were better that a man had not lived at all.

Then we have the man who has all the wealth and power and maybe all the glory that he craves, but who is in constant fear that it will be taken away from him; that he will lose his worldly possessions or that somebody will rob him of the limelight.

Contentment never sleeps under the roof of such a man. Wherefore, of what good to him is all that he has?

Now, if the man who wants that which is beyond his reach could school himself to be like Paul, "content in whatsoever state" he found himself, he would get things out of life that he never dreamed of. He would sleep soundly and awake in gladness. And if the man who has all the wealth he had craved could school himself to feel that it wouldn't matter if he were to lose it all, he would also sleep soundly and awake in gladness.

Who among us that would wish to go through life and miss the biggest thing there is in life? Well, the least man on earth can have that big thing for his very own simply by a motion of the mind that God gave him when he was born.

The big thing in life—its name is Contentment. It lies at your feet. Take it up and let it warm you—Utica Globe.

**EXPLAINED ONLY BY THEORY**

**Origin of Band Called the Wedding Ring is Wrapped in the Deepest Obscurity.**

Why is a wedding ring? Why does a man slip a ring on the finger of the woman who becomes his bride? Why doesn't he give her a bracelet or a necklace, or a pair of earrings? Why is a ring the universal symbol used at weddings? And what is it a symbol of? Ever stop to think about all this? Probably not. When you were ready to marry, you hastened off to the nearest jeweler's and bought a ring for your bride, and, as far as you were concerned, that ended the matter.

The origin of the wedding ring is wrapped in obscurity. A number of theories have been advanced to explain it. One harks back to ancient Egypt. Before the time of mints and coinage in Egypt, gold money was made in the form of a ring, and the fingers of a man's hands were his most convenient bank. He wore his money. When an enamored swain slipped one of these money rings on his bride's finger, he did it to symbolize that he gave her not only himself, but his fortune. He meant, in fact, just what the modern bridegroom means when he says in the ceremony of the ring at the altar, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

The styles today are bands of gold or platinum, plain or engraved, for wedding rings, and solitaire or cluster rings of any kind of gems, preferably diamonds or pearls, for engagement rings.

**Mends Granite Ware.**

The government suggests we economize on kitchen utensils. To mend a hole in granite ware work a piece of putty until perfectly soft, then take a piece of the putty large enough to cover the hole and put one piece on either side of the metal, pressing together inside and out, smoothing down the edges. Place the vessel in a slow oven and bake until the putty is a deep brown. For containing water the vessel will be as good as new.

**Early Irish Culture.**

The evidences of early and medieval culture in Ireland are a multitude of beautiful things, classics of literature, but likewise wonders of creative art. Thus at Cong abbey, where sleep many of Ireland's ancient dead, and among them Rory O'Connor, the last king, there is an exquisite cross with gold tracery and delicate beauty of silver and copper and enamel and bronze, a proof of the civilization built up within Ireland long before the Normans crossed to her shores. Such instances might be multiplied.

**DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE**  
by Mary Graham Bonner  
*Or the Author*

**SPRING SNOWSTORM.**

"Well," said the great big stone, "this is fine."

The big stone was big enough so that quite a few children could get on it at one time. It was away off in some woods, quite far from the nearest village, and it was a fine place to have a picnic.

Some children had decided to give a picnic there and they had asked their daddy to let them have two of the horses and the team to take them all to the big stone.

The stone was in some woods which belonged to a family in a neighboring farmhouse. They were not very well off, so they made a little money by charging a small amount for people who wanted to go through their land to see the stone and have a picnic there.

And the most important thing about the stone has not yet been told. It was a rocking stone. Yes, that great big stone actually rocked when touched it, just as a rocking chair will rock.

All the children went in the wagon who were going to the picnic, and there were five children in all.

They reached the road which was a private one, and they stopped to pay to be allowed to go through to the part where the rocking stone was.

"How much is it?" they asked of the neighboring farmer's little boy.

"It's five cents apiece for children," he said. "And that lets you look at the stone and stay there as long as you want."

They all laughed, and the children went through to the rocking stone. And it was then the stone said to itself: "This is fine." How wonderful it seemed! The stone was so big that they had to climb up a ladder in order to reach the top where they were going to have their picnic.



**"I Do Believe I Feel a Drop of Rain."**

ing to have their picnic, and yet they could stand by it and move it so it actually rocked, not using more than one hand.

"Let's eat right away," some one suggested.

And it was such a good suggestion that they started in to eat at once. And such good things as they had! They had cocoanut which was piping hot, because it had been heated in a kettle on a bonfire which they had made as soon as they had arrived.

They had sandwiches of all kinds, and cake and bananas and oranges, and all sorts of other goodies. And they had a box with hard candies in it which they all had decided was the best kind.

"They had not been eating long when one of the children said: "I do believe I feel a drop of rain—no—it is a flake of snow. Yes, it is snowing!"

"It can't be," the other children said, "for the spring has come."

"But look, there are really snowflakes falling now. And such great big flakes, too!"

And, true enough, even though the spring had come, huge snowflakes fell upon the children as they ate their picnic lunch on top of the big rocking stone.

And they laughed and said: "Well, this is a real picnic and everything is very wonderful."

"Yes," said another child, "and it is so interesting as everything is a little different from usual. It is not usual to have a picnic on top of a huge stone which we have to climb a ladder for if we want to reach the top, and it will rock when we touch it, just as though it were a rocking chair. And now the snow is falling though it is spring."

The jolly old King Snow laughed as he heard this and said: "I like to give them a surprise in the spring when they think I've left them for good. And I'm glad I've given the children a good surprise, for it makes their picnic party all the more fun, for they like me, they do." And old King Snow chuckled and went to bed for the summer months feeling very happy indeed.

Boise weather bureau's weekly crop bulletin will start its regular summer publication April 9, and will furnish farmers throughout the state with much information of value concerning crop and livestock conditions in the various localities.

The Idaho, Uncle Sam's largest fighting craft and the most formidable battleship afloat, has gone into commission at the New York Ship Building corporation's yards. The Idaho is 624 feet long, having normal displacement of 32,000 tons.

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**Did you know**

THAT EDISON MAZDA LAMPS  
ARE MADE IN CALIFORNIA?

**Did you know**

THAT HOTPOINT APPLIANCES  
ARE MADE IN CALIFORNIA?

# Sierra Madre Electric Company

G. I. FARMAN, Manager

## Mother's Day

Our Special Mother's Day Bouquet  
of Assorted Flowers

**\$1.00 Each**

We Deliver

**Irving N. Ward Nursery**

Phone Blue 29. Mt. Trail and Laurel Ave.

## SIERRA MADRE NEWS

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher  
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the  
Post Office at Sierra Madre, Cal.  
Subscription \$2.00, Yearly in Advance  
Six months \$1.00

Paper Stopped at Expiration.

Telephone - - - Black 42

## LOOK AT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DATES

Although the News has repeatedly stated that the paper would be stopped at expiration, there seems to be some of our readers who do not understand, have forgotten or don't believe it.

This is not intended as a reflection on a subscriber's credit, but a simple system of keeping our books straight, and avoiding unpleasant misunderstandings when subscribers get three years behind and think it is only two—besides it is complying with the wishes of the postal department.

Anyway its much better for all concerned. When your subscription expires the paper will stop but upon a renewal it will immediately start again, but we don't want it to stop.

It is no bother at all for you to glance at the expiration date stamped each week on the top margin of your paper and for you to renew your subscription before that date is reached, as after, and it saves us the labor of taking your name and address out of the mailing galley and then setting it up all over again.

If you do not want the paper to continue it is not necessary to come to the office and abuse the editor—it will be stopped anyway when your subscription expires—and if by an oversight it should continue a week or two you will not be asked to pay.

## THE GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE

The following article was prepared by Prof. M. M. Whiting in his school work and published by a local paper. It is now several weeks old, as the Victory Loan campaign has occupied our space, but we publish it now, believing it to be correct with the possible exception of the Italian territory.

The map of the western nations of Europe is about the same as before the World War. The chief change is Alsace-Lorraine which Germany loses and France gains. This territory was taken from France by Germany in 1871. But through middle and eastern Europe, from the Adriatic to the Baltic Sea, all the nations are changed and half a dozen new nations have been created. Some time ago Finland, Ukraine, and Siebia revolted from Russia and set up independent republics. The monarchy in Russia has been overthrown, the Czar being assassinated, and it is hoped that a good government will soon be established. Rumania is enlarged to about twice its former size, including territory from Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria where the people are chiefly Rumanian. Austria has shrunk to about one-fourth its former size, its territory going to Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Rumania, and Poland.

October 26, 1918 should be considered one of the world's greatest days: On that day in Independence Hall, Petrovitch, King of Servia is its ruler.

er. It has a population of 12,000,000. Italy gains territory on the north and east from Austria.

The Rumanians of Rumania, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria have organized themselves into a nation. It lies east of the Black Sea, has an area of 110,000 square miles and a population of 15,000,000. The Rumanians originated as an ancient Roman colony. They are proud of their ancestry. The capital is Bucharest.

Russia seemed to enter heartily into the war in 1914, but after two years the Germans induced the Russian people to revolt against the Czar and make a separate peace. The Russian people tried to organize a republic. The first government was overthrown by the Bolsheviks, who still have some control. Russia's dependency in Asia has ceased and formed a republic as has Finland and Ukraine.

The surface of these countries in Southern Europe is hilly and mountainous except in the Danube and other river valleys. The surface of Ukraine, Poland and Finland is level.

## BUY A VICTORY BOND

Where wooden crosses lonely stand,  
Placed there by comrades true,  
Our soldiers lie in No Man's Land,  
Underneath the sod and dew.

Out beneath the tossing billows,  
The sailor boys lie sleeping,  
There with sea-weed for their pillows  
The waves their secrets keeping.

Those boys are now beyond our aid,  
They've reached their peaceful rest;  
They went so grandly to the grave,  
Each boy has done his best.

And now for a memorial,  
To boys that are beyond,  
Who served us more than we can tell  
Come buy a Victory Bond.

—Viola E. Fennel.

## AT THE CHURCHES

Congregational  
"A Community Church"  
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister  
Mother's Day

9:45 a. m. Church school.

11 a. m. Morning worship, communion, reception of new members and sermon, "Woman's Place in the New World." 8:00 p. m. A service of story and song. Ian Maclaren's "His Mother's Sermon," orchestra, choir and solos, including "Mother Machree," by Helen Sadler.

Wednesday, 8 p. m. Church night meeting, conducted by Mr. Newman Essick, with a discussion on "Religious Education." Strangers welcomed.

The Auxiliary of the Congregational church has postponed its monthly meeting from Tuesday, May 13th to Friday the 16th, on account of the conference at Whittier, May 12-13-14.

The Ladies Aid society will hold a cook food sale Saturday beginning at 10 a. m. in the vacant store room next to the Sander drug store.

Bethany  
Rev. H. J. Baldwin, Pastor

Sunday services: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Sermon for Little Men and Women, "Shepherd and Sheep." Morning sermon "The First Christian Church." Evening sermon "Our Wonderful Savior." Regular monthly song service.

This will be the last Sunday service conducted here by the pastor as he leaves next week for his new field, the Emmanuel Presbyterian church at Colorado Springs, Colo.

## Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m.

Subject "Adam and Fallen Man." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

## Church of the Ascension

Rev. William Carson Shaw, Rector  
Holy communion 8 a. m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.; Evening prayer, 7:30 p. m.

At the evening service, the rector is giving a series of addresses on the teaching of the Church, in preparation for Confirmation. All who are interested are cordially invited to attend.

The bishop of the diocese, The Rt. Reverend Joseph H. Johnson, D. D., will visit the parish on Ascension Day May 29th, for the purpose of administering the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation.

The kindergarten system for the infant class has been established in the Sunday school and any parents who desire to send their children are cordially invited to do so.

A Sunday school choir under the special direction of Mrs. Robert Mitchell has been organized, and in time are to be fully vested, and will on Whit Sunday render for the first time a full choral Eucharistic service.

## ADDITIONAL "V" BOND BUYERS

Last week the News published a complete list of Sierra Madre Victory Liberty Loan buyers up to the time of going to press. There were 233 names. Below we give the names of subsequent subscribers, some of them repeated from last week because they subscribed again, and next week we will complete the list by giving the names of those who subscribe before the lists at headquarters are closed.

Beck, William  
Blumer, Mrs. Julia Edith  
Bockman, Ernest  
Browning, D. M.  
Burns, T. J.  
Carter, Martin G.  
Caskey, Greer  
Catlin, Mrs. I. Ray  
Cumbers, Mrs. C. W.  
Curtis, F. A. D.  
Cutter, Mrs. Nellie G.  
Davenes, Harold  
Davis, J. K.  
Decker, Miss Ella M.  
Decker, Miss Marion M. (second subscription)  
Dickinson, Mrs. Mary J.  
Downs, Mrs. M. O.  
Evans, Willard A.  
Farman, W. E. (second subscription)  
Fegers, H. M.  
Flather, Florence M. Mrs.  
Furneaux, Harvey  
Gilson, Mr. and Mrs. Luther  
Graham, Miss T. H.  
Harriman, Mrs. C. W.  
Hart, Harold W.  
Hart, Karl W.  
Hill, Hortense C. Mrs.  
Johnson, Arthur, Sr.  
Johnson, Arthur, Jr.  
Johnson, Sue E. Mrs.  
Jordett, O. K.  
Karicofe, Mary M. Mrs.  
Karicofe, Margaret Lee  
Karicofe, Kathryn Lee  
Karicofe, Robert Lee  
Kelley, George L.  
Kersting, Chas. S.  
Leete, A. P.  
Mason, J. T.  
Miller, E. A.  
Mitchell, Lt. George G.  
Munsell, Miss Ida E.  
North, Mrs. Mary  
North, Miss Rachel M.  
North, Miss Therza  
Pegler, Mrs. Mary  
Powell, Miss Emily  
Robinson, Mrs. Sarah E.  
Robinson, Walter B.  
Stone, Claude  
Stone, Mrs. Grace  
Thorniley, Miss Frances E.  
Ulrich, Miss Portia M.  
Ward Mrs. Irving N.  
Ward, Miss Marguerite C.  
Webster, Mrs. Lydia M. (second subscription)  
Whiting, J. F. (second subscription)  
Wright, Wm. A.  
Yerxa, Ernest L. (second subscription)

—

## WORK FOR SIERRA MADRE

Now that the various public activities that have kept us all busy for the few weeks last past, are finished, let's get together and all work for Sierra Madre.

There may be different opinions and personal differences, but we can all get together for the good of the city, so let's take one thing at a time and all pull together till we get it, then tackle something else and put it through.

Among the suggestions that have been offered are: Picture show, hotel, street repairs, boulevard signs, street signs, and comfort stations.

Let's talk it over, get together on some one thing and then push it through.

## TRANSPORTATION LINE SOLD

John Boyd and sons have sold their horses, mules, burros and equipment to N. H. Lambert and Andrew Williams, which closes chapter four and opens chapter five of the burro history of Sierra Madre.

Mr. Lambert comes here from Bishop, where he has resided for a couple of years, but prior to that time was a resident of the valley below us, so it seems to him like coming home.

Mr. Wilson, the junior member of the firm has been with the Boyd's for some time and is thoroughly familiar with all details of the business and has a local reputation for the dexterity with which he ties the diamond hitch.

The firm will be known as Lambert & Williams and will continue the Boyd's advertising policy by keeping their card in the News.

## BOARD OF TRADE MEETING

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trade which was postponed from last Monday night to last night, was turned over to the Band Benefit lecture which was given by the Board of Trade.

Let's finish the job—buy a Victory Liberty Loan Bond.

## Grocery Phone Main 6 Market Phone Main 97

# The Central Market

M. D. WELSHER, Grocer  
FRESH MEATS, VEGETABLES, GROCERIES

Big Home Cooked Food Sale, Saturday, May 17th by the Ladies of the St. Rita Society.

We are pleased to announce a Big Cracker and Cookie Demonstration by the Pacific Coast Cracker Co. for the same date, Saturday, May 17th. This is a California concern.

We want you to see our dried fruit display Saturday  
Dried Prunes, Peaches peeled, Apricots peeled, White  
and Black Figs, Belfleur Apples, Nectarines, Pears  
and Silver Prunes—the new white prune.

## SPECIAL PRICES FOR SATURDAY ONLY

SPINACH, 2 for 5 cents. ASPARAGUS 10c per pound.  
TURNIPS, CARROTS, BEETS, 3 bunches for 10 cents.  
STRING BEANS (var or green) 15 cents per pound.  
ARTICHOKEs, 2 for 15 cents. LETTUCE, 3 large heads 5 cents.  
RHUBARB, 2 pds for 15c. BURBANK SPUDS, 7 lbs. for 25 cents.

Are you still taking a chance? This is a Sanitary Store—Look for yourself.

## W. F. HATFIELD THE OLD RELIABLE Realty and Insurance Broker

Still Doing Business at the Old Stand

### REPRESENTING

### The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company

Writing Insurance For  
Life, Sickness, or Accident, Single and Combination Policies for Men  
and Women.

Fire and Automobile Insurance. Employers Liability Insurance  
W. F. HATFIELD  
Commissioned Notary Public. 144 North Mountain Trail

## Burro Transportation

Strong, Reliable and Gentle Horses,  
Mules and Burros, for Rent by Trip,  
Day, Week or Month. Rates reasonable.

## Lambert & Williams

Successors to

JOHN BOYD & SONS

## MOUNT LOWE

6100 Feet in Skyland

### MOST SCENIC MOUNTAIN TROLLY TRIP in the WORLD

Fare \$2.00

You can't afford to miss our  
Southland's Greatest Scenic Novelty

### FIVE TRAINS DAILY

8, 9, 10 A.M., 1:30 and 4 P.M.

### Pacific Electric Railway

G. E. MESECAR, SIERRA MADRE AGENT

Phone Red 38

## A Forced Sale

—O F—

### Residence Lots at Half Value

\$125.00 Per Lot and Up

A non-resident client has ordered us to sell FIFTEEN FINE LOTS between Highland and Grand View, and Lima and Grove at PRICES FROM \$125 up, according to location. Lots owned by other parties in this block are held at \$750. These lots are beautiful building lots and have been held at about double the price at which they are now offered. Pressing need of money is the reason.

We recommend this as a splendid investment and one of the greatest bargains we have ever offered the public, and confidently believe these lots may be resold at a FIFTY PER CENT PROFIT.

Street improvements are all in on Highland, Lima and Grand View. Consult us now and get first choice of these bargains.

## Andrews & Hawks

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS

EXCHANGE PHONE 2 SIERRA MADRE, CAL.

## Chase & Sanborn's Famous India and Ceylon Tea

ORANGE PEKOE—Choice qualities, perfectly blended, unsurpassed for richness and volume of flavor. In half-pound screw-top canister 40c

### SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY ONLY—

PINK SALMON, the can	13c
OATFLAKES, 2 pounds for	15c
PRESERVED FIGS, 1 lb. jar	21c
GRAHAM WAFERS, pound	19c
GINGER SNAPS, pound	19c

"Cash Beats Credit"

### Sierra Madre Department Store

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.  
Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

## Look for the sign

The Red Crown sign signals satisfaction. It stands for straight-distilled, all-refinery gasoline—high quality—every drop! Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY  
(California)



The Gasoline of Quality

GROVER C. COLEMAN, Special Agent, Standard Oil Company, Monrovia, California

## Proper Clothes for Men Who Care

Perkins & Leddy will assure you of dependable materials and tailoring. Dominant, forceful styles without exaggeration—workmanship that is careful to the last degree, patterns that meet the most exacting taste.

Season after season these clothes are chosen by well dressed men who have learned by experience to trust our judgment.

\$25.00 TO \$50.00

We have haberdashery to harmonize with these suits—ties, gloves, shirts, and everything else to make you look your best.

## Perkins & Leddy

The Home of Good Clothes

16 EAST COLORADO

PASADENA, CALIF.



## Lowest Priced and Lightest Weight Six-Cylinder Motor Car Built

This stands for Economy—More Miles on Gasoline, Oil and Tires, coupled with freedom from Repairs and Ease of Operation are factors in creating the present demand for

Oakland Sensible Six Cars  
\$1275 Delivered in Sierra Madre

Sierra Madre Garage  
PHONE MAIN 110 37-45 W. Central Ave.

### LOCAL ITEMS

"They're still on the Rhine. Invest in the Victory Loan."

Andrew Olsen is building a storage barn for his feed business.

"It's a debt of honor—Invest in the Victory Loan."

Sierra Madre is to have a Tag Day for the benefit of the fatherless children of France, Saturday, May 24th.

Aaron Shapiro and family have moved back to their home in Los Angeles.

Miss Nina Kellogg and two other professional whistlers are doing a turn at Grauman's Theatre in Los Angeles, this week.

Mrs. Emma Rising, of Long Beach, came up Tuesday for a two weeks stay with Miss Annie Greene, 161 East Montecito.

Miss Henriette R. Ulrich is building an addition to her home at 234 Santa Anita Court, and otherwise improving the property.

Mrs. James Baynes, of Chicago, visited her friend, Mrs. Frank Johnson, of 65 South Baldwin avenue, this week.

Mrs. J. E. Ferry is telling everybody about a little grandson that the stork brought to the home of her son, Charles, at Pasadena, Tuesday of last week.

Allen T. Gay returned from a fishing trip to Big Bear Lake last Friday. He says the fishing is fine and that he was the temporary champion fisherman of the lake.

Lieut. Sterling N. Pierce of the Navy, enroute from Cuba to New York, visited relatives, Mrs. E. T. Pierce and Mrs. V. P. Maull and daughter, Katherine, 689 West Central, last week.

Mr. John S. Hair and J. W. Hair have bought a cabin at Sierra Madre Park canyon and will spend their week ends there with their families. —Long Beach Press.

Mr. Taylor recently moved to Sierra Madre from Los Angeles for the health of the members of his family, and is supporting them by sharpening scissors, knives, etc., and we can testify that he makes 'em sharp. Phone Pettitt's News Stand, Green 85.

The Dickens Fellowship club will be entertained with a one o'clock luncheon on Wednesday, May 14, at the home of Mrs. C. C. Montgomery, 847 South Madison Ave., Pasadena. All intending to attend please notify Mrs. Maull.

W. W. Felgate, president of the Pasadena Horticultural society, has been busy all week superintending the third annual rose show, which occurred at Hotel Maryland Wednesday and Thursday. It was a big success with an unusually large attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Hawkhurst chaperoned a hiking party up the arroyo seco for the week end last Saturday. Miss Ellen Preston and Arthur Evans of this place, and Miss Gertrude Miller and Donald White of Pasadena completed the party.

Dr. Krebs has sold his beautiful home place and purchased residence property in Pasadena and will become a fellow citizen of Dr. Mackerras, who moved there some weeks ago. What are we going to do for a night doctor?

H. J. Klemme and family left Tuesday for their summer home at Belmond, Iowa. They will return to their home here next fall as usual. The News will visit them each week during their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Short and children, are visiting Mrs. Short's sister, Mrs. A. J. Karger. They drove in from Newellton, in the Kern River country, where Mr. Short has a ranch. They are very enthusiastic about the future of that country, but admit it is lonesome out there just now.

Say, kiddies! Come here, listen! Mr. Pettitt's adv. says he will give away free for nothing, an ice cream cone to every kid at his News stand, tomorrow. Of course he does it to get the trade of your father and mother—but what do you care if it is an ad.

If you do not read all of the ads. in the News, you are missing something. Our business men carefully prepare their messages to you and in many instances offer you a real saving. The News will vouch for the truthfulness of every advertisement in its columns and we will "make good" or refund on any transaction where a misrepresentation has been made in this paper.

"Win your Fifth service stripe. Invest in the Victory Loan."

"Pay your debt to Pershing's men. Invest in the Victory Loan."

Last Sunday evening a movement was started to repair, paint and decorate the Congregational church. It is hoped to make the building more of an asset to the town.

Gustaf Janson, formerly of this place, just returned from service over seas, was visiting old friends in Sierra Madre Monday.

Mrs. S. Q. Croxson entertained Wednesday afternoon with a delightful little party in honor of the birthday anniversaries of her children, Louise and Billy. The table was decorated in pink and held a large birthday cake at each end. Those who enjoyed this gay festival were Emma Jean Wagoner, Lenora Graham, Sara Schwartz, Nancy Dickenson, Lois Brooks, Cynthia Hull, Louise Croxson, Edward Daily, Sammie Schwartz, Howard Spears and Billy Croxson.

Dr. Edwards, of the Nature Study club, of Los Angeles, headed the annual excursion to the Sierra Madre hills last Saturday. Twenty P. E. extra cars brought the party out to the end of the line, where it scattered over the various canyons—all but a few "invalids" who preferred to stay in the cars and pound the gongs. About 2000 were in the party and the noise they made going home would indicate that they had a fine time. Bring 'em again next year doctor. You're always welcome.

### NEWS WANTED LINERS

WANTED—Woman for general housework. Apply 38 Auburn avenue. Mrs. Gerson.

PIANO BARGAINS—Steinway upright piano, small model \$195. Weber Pianola Player Piano with 75 rolls of music and bench \$400. Knabe Player Piano, bench and cabinet containing 137 rolls of music was \$1,575 now \$585. Kimball upright piano \$350. Kimball Baby Grand piano was \$1,275 now \$675. Little 88 note Player Piano was \$650 now \$350. Kurtzman Upright piano was \$450 now \$250.00. Kranch & Bach upright piano \$195. Chickering upright piano \$180. The above lot are all used pianos, fully guaranteed. Terms to suit your purse. Platt Music Co., 622 South Broadway, Los Angeles. Write or phone for our complete list. 32c

TELEPHONE OPERATORS WANTED—ED—Girls from 18 to 25. Good salary. Pay while learning. Call Chief Operator, Main 120. Sierra Madre Telephone & Telegraph Co. 32c

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room for healthy people, 258 E. Central.

FOR SALE—Chickens and ducks, young and old; also laying ducks, by pens, quackless and Pekins. Chas. Brunson, 38 Auburn. Phone Black 68.

### MONROVIA DAY, MAY 17

"Music hath charms" must certainly be the belief of the Committee in charge of the big celebration in Monrovia, May 17th for the returned soldiers and sailors of the San Gabriel Valley.

There will be four bands in the big parade in the morning, two Monrovia bands, one from Glendora and the crack military band from the Balloon School at Arcadia.

There will be "music while you eat" your basket-picnic luncheon in the beautiful Monrovia Canyon Park.

There will be community singing in the afternoon under the compelling leadership of Captain C. H. Stone of Los Angeles.

And at night in addition to the band music, there will be a twelve-piece jazz orchestra for the street dance and carnival.

Those in charge of the day are making strenuous efforts to reach every returned soldier and sailor in the valley and invite him, but as it is quite impossible to reach every one of them personally the Committee takes this means of notifying them that Monrovia wants every service man in the valley to be her guest on Saturday, May 17th.

The Kaiser, Hindenburg, Ludendorff the Terrible Turk and all their friends will be shown in the comic section of the parade, and what will happen to them will be a plenty.

Liberal cash prizes are to be awarded to the best decorated and most unique floats, and prizes of cash or merchandise will go to the winners in the various sports. Sports will be in charge of C. H. Price, who has spent most of his life in directing athletics, so a program full of interest for both spectators and participants is assured.

"Invest—and finish the job."

## Saturday Specials in Groceries

BLUE COAT SWEET CORN  
2 Big Cans for 35c

BISHOP'S PETITE WAFERS  
16c per package

## C. M. Nomura Fruits and Vegetables

PHONE MAIN 46 BANK BUILDING

### IT'S TRUE ECONOMY

To buy drugs and like preparations at our store for the reasons—you're certain of freshness, of full quantity and high quality. Prices are always consistently low.

Christopher's Ice Cream  
THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY  
F. H. HARTMAN & SON  
25 N. BALDWIN AVE.  
PHONE BLACK 25

## TRADE AT HOME

And let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor  
Established in Sierra Madre in 1888  
Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

## SHOES

for All Occasions

Fred T. Huggins

33 E. Colorado St. Pasadena, Cal.

### DIRECT FROM GERMANY

The following letter from Lieut. Charles L. Camp, dated at Vielbach, Germany, April 6 will be read with interest by his many friends here. There is a volume of news in what the Lieut. does not say, but leaves to the imagination.

B. Co., 18th Inf.,  
Vielbach, Germany, April 6, 1919.

Dear Folks:—After serving a short time in charge of a small detachment at 1" Bn. of the 7th, they have sent me over here to the 18th Inf. for a month to learn dough-methods of warfare.

I have put in for immediate separation from the army—just how immediate it will be is hard to tell, but I hope to be home before July. Only one officer has left our regiment for home. He went yesterday.

I am giving a "required" course of lectures to the men of this regiment. U. S. History 1st week; History of First Division (2nd week); U. S. in War (3rd week); France and England in War (4th week); Smaller Allies (5th week); and Causes of German Defeat (6th week). I was detailed on the job and thought it would seem rather strange and difficult to talk to 1800 men at a time, 15 minutes each morning for five or six weeks. I have finished the first week and everything is going along all right.

At a division review two weeks ago they generously awarded me a croix-de-guerre (French war cross with gold star) for services in the Argonne. Of course I was glad to get this for it is an honor. A good many men and officers of the division have been decorated. Those who most deserve the decorations are, however, mostly underground.

I am sorry that you never received the "souvenirs"—helmet and cross. I had picked the helmet out of a pile of brand new ones we ran into among the storehouses at St. Mihiel. The cross I found on the floor of a dugout in the Argonne. As it was neces-

sary to label everything we sent home the two were doubtless taken from the mail. I will get you an iron cross here and send it so you can see what the other one was like.

I have a lot of old maps and pictures, etc., that I saved out of the debris of many battlefields. I will send these as time goes on.

CHAS.

### BAND BOYS BENEFIT

The lecture at the Woman's Club house last night by Chester Versteeg, was enjoyed by a record-breaking crowd, with standing room at a premium.

Mr. Versteeg is an interesting speaker and with his colored screen pictures took his audience up and down, over and across "the High Sierras of California" with a rapidity that would have made a hiker quit in despair.

The stereopticon pictures were photographed in natural colors alone worth the price of admission without the rest of the entertainment. It was a month's study for the nature lover, given in an hour.

After the lecture, dancing was indulged in, the music furnished by the Sierra Madre band, for whose benefit the entertainment was given. The ticket sale was \$68.00.

### QUI S'EXCUSE—S'ACCUSE

Poor Excuse No. 1  
"I'm exhausted with war work."  
So were the boys who fought. But they didn't stop. They weren't quitters. And theirs was real war work.

### Poor Excuse No. 2

"I understand some of the money of the Loan is to pay contracts for munitions we never used. I don't like to pay for dead horses."

You are the man who would have the tailor make a suit of winter clothes to your measure and then refuse to pay for it because the weather turned unexpectedly warmer.

# The RIVER

By EDNAH AIKEN

## WITH HARDIN GONE, HIS AIDS DISORGANIZED, WHAT WILL RICKARD SAY? INNES ACTS TO SAVE HER BROTHER'S FACE.

**Synopsis.**—K. C. Rickard, an engineer of the Overland Pacific, is sent by President Marshall to stop the ravages of the Colorado river in the Imperial valley, a task at which Thomas Hardin, head of the Desert Reclamation company, has failed. Rickard foresees embarrassment because he knows Hardin, who was a student under him in an eastern college, married Gerty Holmes, with whom Rickard once thought himself in love. At the company offices at Calexico Rickard finds the engineers loyal to Hardin and hostile to him. He meets Mr. and Mrs. Hardin and Innes Hardin, the former's half sister. Innes is bitter against Rickard for supplanting her brother. Hardin discovers that Rickard is planning a levee to protect Calexico and puts him down as incompetent. Gerty thinks her husband jealous. Gerty invites Rickard to dinner and then plans a "progressive ride" in his honor. Rickard pushes work on the levee and is ordered by Marshall to "take a fighting chance" on the completion of Hardin's pet project, a gate to shut the break in the river. In the midst of Gerty Hardin's progressive ride, which is begun despite a terrific wind and dust storm, word comes that the river is raging and every man is wanted on the levee.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### On the Levee.

Hardin did not go home that night. He was feeling to the quick the irony of his position; his duty now to protect the levee he'd ridiculed; now the only hope of the towns! The integrity of the man never faltered, though his thoughts ran wild. Like the relentless hounds of Acteon, they pursued him, barking at his vanity.

He started the anxious ranchers at sacking sand. Bodefeldt ran up to tell him that there was a hill of filled sacks over in Mexicali. "Rickard had a bunch of Indians working for a week."

The confusion of the shy fellow did not escape Hardin. Oh, he knew what Bodefeldt was thinking, what every one was saying! They were all laughing at him. The coincidence of this extraordinary flood had upheld Rickard's wild guess, haloed his judgment. It was all a piece of his infernal luck. Sicken, that's what it was! His orders scattered. He ran up and down the levee, giving orders; recalling them when he found he was repeating Rickard's.

This new humiliation, coming on the heels of the dredge fiasco, put him in execrable temper. He shouted his orders over the noises of the night. He rated the men, bullied them. No one did anything right! Lord, what he had to put up with! The other men, the ranchers and engineers, saw in his excitement certainty of the valley's doom.

The wind and the darkness contributed to the confusion. Eager shovels were tossing up earth before anyone could tell where the danger point would be. The water was not yet high enough to determine the place of battle. Sacked sand was being brought over from Mexicali. Fifty pairs of hands made short work of Rickard's "hill." Lanterns were flashing through the darkness like restless fireflies. The wind and rushing water deadened the sound of the voices. It was a battle of giants against pygmies. In the darkness, the giants threatened to conquer.

At three in the morning, a horseman rode in from Fassett's, one of the big ranches to the north, cut by the New river.

"The river is cutting back," he called through the din, "cutting back toward the towns."

A turn in the gorge, a careless dump had pulled the river like a mad horse back on its haunches. It was kicking back.

"They are short-handed up there. They need help."

"Dynamite," cried Silent and Hardin antiphonally. They happened to be standing near.

"We must have dynamite," bawled Hardin. "Are the wires down between Hardin and Brawley? We must get a wire somehow to Los Angeles, to rush it down here this morning."

"It's here. There is a carload on the siding," yelled Silent.

Hardin did not need to ask by whose orders it was there. An angry scowl spoiled his face.

"Put some on the machine." He was turning away.

Silent called after him. Did Mr. Hardin think it was safe? There was no road between the towns and Fassett's. The night, the explosive—should they not wait till morning? The question threw his late chief into a rage.

"Did I ask you to take it?" It was the opening for his fury. "Safe! Will the towns be safe if the river cuts back here? The channel has got to be widened, and you talk of your own precious skin! Wait till I ask you to take it. Get out the machine. I'll take it to Fassett's myself."

Silent left the levee, smarting. He backed the machine out of the shed and sped through the darkness toward Mexicali, where the car of explosives was isolated.

Hardin, buttoned up to the ears, his soft hat pulled tight over his forehead, was waiting impatiently. Here was something to be done; he coveted the activity.

"I thought you were never coming," he grumbled.

"Let me take it!" pleaded the engineer.

"Nonsense, there is no danger." Hardin saw personal affection in the plea. He put his hand affectionately on the man's shoulder.

"You go home and catch a nap; this is my job." He was standing on the step. "Crank her."

There was nothing for Silent to do but to get out. Hardin pointed the long nose of the car into the darkness. She was off like the greyhound she suggested, missing a telegraph pole by half an inch.

"Who is in charge here?" a woman's voice was piercing the racket of wind and wave.

The dawn was breaking. Down the New river he could see the wind whipping



She Collided With a Man.

pling the water into white-capped fury. "Vicious," he muttered. "Those heavy waves play the Old Harry with the levee."

"Where is my brother?"

"Miss Hardin!" cried Silent.

"Where is he?" demanded Innes.

Her hair streamed away from her face. Her cheeks were blanched. Her yellow eyes, peering into the dusk, looked owlish. Her wind-spanked skirts clung to her limbs. To Silent she looked boyish, as though clipped and tattered. "Where is my brother?" she repeated.

Silent told her without reservations where he had gone and why. There was no feminine foolishness about that sister of Hardin's. A chip of the old block. Funny, the men all thought of her as Hardin's daughter on account of the difference of age. As to a comrade, proudly, he bragged of the taking of the dynamite over that roadless waste.

"Whom did he leave in his place?"

Silent knew, only, that he himself was not in charge! Hardin had ordered him to bed.

"Maybe Mr. Estrada?" she hazarded.

"He is not here, he went down the road to look after the track. Hardin went off in such a hurry, I guess he told nobody," chuckled the engineer, still glowing.

"Then I'm it!" cried Innes Hardin.

"Will you take my orders, Silent?"

"Sure," he chuckled again.

Through the rush of the wind and water came the whistle of a locomotive.

"A special!" cried Silent. Hardin's sister and his friend looked at each other, the same thought in mind: Rickard, from the Heading!

On her face Silent saw the same spectacular impulse which had flashed over Hardin's features a short time before.

She put her hand on his arm. "Silent, you're his friend. Straighten this out. We can't have him come back—spying—and find this." She waved her hand toward the disorganized group.

## When the Colorado Burst Its Banks and Flooded the Imperial Valley of California

(Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company)

"I'd take more orders," suggested the engineer.

"Then send a third of them home, tell them to come back tonight at six. Send away the other third, tell them to come back at noon. Keep the other shift. Say you'll have coffee sent from the hotel, tell them Hardin says to stop wasting stuff. Tell them, oh, tell them anything you can think of, Silent, before he comes." Her breakdown was girlish.

She could hear the signal of the locomotive; coming closer. Then she could hear the pant of the engine as it worked up the grade. It was a steady gentle climb all the way from the junction, two hundred feet below sea-level, to the towns resting at the level of the sea. It quickened her thought of the power of the river. Nothing between it and the tracks at Salton. Nothing to stop its flow into that spectacular new sea whose basin did not need a drop of the precious misguided flow. She could hear the bells; now the train was coming into the station; she would not wait for Silent. She did not want to meet Rickard.

No one saw her as she left the levee. She passed Silent, who was issuing orders. She heard him say, "The boss says so."

She took the road by the railroad sheds, to avoid the dismissed shifts, moving toward. At full speed, she collided with a man, rounding the sheds' corner. It was Rickard. Her veil had slipped to her shoulders and she saw her face.

"Miss Hardin!" he exclaimed.

"Whatever are you doing here?"

"You ought not to be out at night alone here."

"It's morning!"

"With every Indian in the country coming in, I'll send Parrish with you."

She recognized Parrish behind him. She tried to tell him that she knew every Indian in Mexicali, every Mexican in the twin towns, but he would not listen to her. "I'm not going to let you go home alone."

She blinked rebellion at the supplanter of her brother. But she found herself following Parrish. She took a deep pride in her independence, her fearlessness. Tom let her go where she liked. She had an impulse to dismiss Parrish; every man was needed, but he would obey Rickard's orders. MacLean had told her that! "They don't like him, but they mind him!"

Rickard made his way down to the levee. "Where is Hardin?" he asked of every one he met. Silent came up to Fassett's just a few minutes ago to carry dynamite. The river was cutting back there. "Good," cried Rickard, "that's bully!"

"He left me in charge," glibly lied the friend of Hardin. "Any orders, sir?"

"Things are going all right?" began the manager. He stopped. From above came a dull roar.

"Dynamite!" cried Rickard.

The friend of Hardin had nothing to say. "I thought you said he went only a few minutes ago?" demanded his chief.

There was another detonation. Down the river came the booming of the second charge.

"That's dynamite for sure," evaded Silent.

"Not a minute too soon!" declared Rickard, going back to his inspection.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### Rickard in Town.

The town woke to a matter-of-fact day. The sensational aspect of the runaway river had passed with the night. The word spread that the flood waters were under control; that the men had gone home to sleep, so the women got breakfast as usual, and tidied their homes. The Colorado was always breaking out, like a naughty child from school. Never would the cry of "The river!" fall to drag the blood from their cheeks. But relief always came; the threatened danger was always averted, and these pioneer women had acquired the habit of swift reaction.

That afternoon, Mrs. Youngberg was to entertain at the A B C ranch the ladies of the Improvement club. It was a self-glorification meeting, to celebrate the planting of trees in the streets of Calexico, and to plan the campaign of their planting. Mrs. Blinn drove into town to get Gerty Hardin. Neither woman had seen her husband since the interrupted drive the night before.

"I don't know whether I should go," Mrs. Hardin hesitated, her face turned toward the A B C ranch. "Perhaps there is something we could do."

"I have just come from the levee."

Mrs. Blinn's jolly face had lost its apprehension. "The water has not risen an inch since breakfast. Most of the men have been sent home. When Howard didn't come home to lunch, I grew anxious. But Mr. Rickard says he sent him to Fassett's with more dynamite."

"There he is," thrilled Gerty.

Mrs. Blinn's eye swept the street.

"Where? Your husband?"

"Rebelliously she gave him the lan-

"No, Mr. Rickard. Passing the bank. There, he's stopped. I wonder if he is going in? You call him, Mrs. Blinn."

Obediently her friend halted Rickard. He turned back to the windy street. He felt boyish; the crisis was giving him mercurial feet. He loved the modern battle. Elements to pit one's brains against, wits against force!

Gerty Hardin's face was flushing and paling. "The river," she faltered. "Should we be alarmed, Mr. Rickard?"

Smiling, he assured her she should not be alarmed; the levees would protect the towns.

"Mr. Hardin is up at Fassett's ranch, he will be coming back today. I told your husband, Mrs. Blinn, to catch a nap and then relieve Mr. Hardin."

Gerty found a significance in his words. He had said "Mr. Hardin" and "your husband, Mrs. Blinn." It was enough to weave dreams around.

"We can't do anything, Mr. Rickard, to help?" urged Gerty Hardin, her voice tremulous.

"I hope we won't have to call on you at all."

There was no excuse to linger. Gerty threw a wistful little smile at parting.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### Opposition.

The second night of the flood, the women of the towns dragged brush and filled sacks for the men to carry. It was past midnight when Innes Hardin left the levee. While her feet and fingers had toiled, her mind had been fretting over Tom. Two nights, and no rest! It was told by men who came down the river how Hardin was heroically laboring. She yearned to go to him; perhaps he would stop for few hours to her entreaty. But an uncertain trail across country, with the dust-laden wind in her face? She decided to wait for the dawn. A snatched sleep first, but who would call her? She would sleep for hours, so weary every muscle. Her mind fixed on Sam as the only man in town who had time to saddle a horse for a woman.

She went in search of him. She found that the long adobe office building had already taken on the look of defeat, of ruin. The casements had been torn from the partitions; the doors and windows were out. The furniture had been hauled up to high ground farther away for safety. She went hunting through the ghoulish gloom for the dark, turning her lantern in every dark corner. She knew that she would find him sleeping.

Then she heard steps on the veranda. She ran toward them, expecting to see Sam. She swung her lantern full on two figures mounting the shallow steps. Rickard was with her sister-in-law.

"Oh, excuse me!" she blurted blunderingly. Of course Gerty would take a wrong intention from the stupid words!

The blue eyes met those of Innes with defiance. It was as though she had spoken. "Well, think what you will of it, you Hardins! I don't care what you think of me!"

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The Greatest Name in Goody-Land



The largest-selling gum in the world naturally has to have a package worthy of its contents.

So look for

**WRIGLEY'S**  
In the sealed package that keeps all of its goodness in.

That's why

**The Flavor Lasts!**

Poachers Kill Off Big Game.

Pisgah forest, United States government preserve and one of the few remaining big game sections of the country is about to be denuded of its game by poachers, according to statements by Rudolph Dittenbach, forest supervisor. Poachers, usually under cover of night, drive the deer out into the open or off the preserves and then kill them. The number slain is reaching alarming proportions.

Even rough men can be gentle when they meet a real woman.

Fortunate is the man upon whose face is written a letter of credit.

Abundance begets indifference.

When it is our duty to do an act of justice it should be done promptly. To delay is injustice.—LaBruyere.

**Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum**  
When adding to your toilet requisites, an exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Do your best, then take what comes without flinching. Every experience can be turned to good account.

Wonder what the critics would do if nobody ever accomplished anything?

## Starving in the Midst of Plenty

Acid-Stomach Steals Strength and Good Feelings From Millions

One of the worst features of acid stomach is that very often it literally starves its victims in the midst of plenty. And the strange thing about it is that the people with acid-stomach seldom know what their trouble really is.

No matter how good or wholesome the food may be, or how much they eat, they do not gain in strength. This is clearly explained by the fact that an acid-stomach cannot properly digest food. Instead of healthy, normal digestion, the excess acid causes the food to sour and ferment. Then when this mass of sour, fermented food, charged with excess acid, passes into the intestines, it becomes the breeding place for all kinds of germs and toxic poisons, which in turn are absorbed into the blood and in this way distributed throughout the entire body. And that is exactly why it is that so many thousands of people eat and eat and keep on eating and yet are literally starving in the midst of plenty. Their acid-stomachs make it absolutely impossible for them to get the full measure of nourishment out of their food. And it doesn't take long for this poor nourishment to show its ill effects in a weakened, emaciated body.

You may say: "My stomach doesn't hurt me." That may be true because many victims of acid-stomach do not actually suffer stomach pains. Then again, there are millions who do suffer all kinds of aches and pains—headaches, rheumatic twinges, gout, lumbago, pains around the heart and in the chest—who never dream that an acid-stomach is the real cause of the trouble.

Naturally, the sensible thing to do is to strike right at the very cause of this trouble and clean the excess acid out of the stomach. There is a quick, easy way to do this. A wonderful new remedy quickly removes the excess acid without the slightest discomfort. It is EATONIC. Made in the form of tablets—they are good to eat—just like a bit of candy. They literally absorb the injurious excess acid and carry it away through the intestines. They also drive the heat out of the body—in fact you can fairly feel it work. Make a test of EATONIC in your own case today. Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist. See for yourself how surely it brings quick relief in those painful attacks of indigestion, bitter heartburn, belching, disgusting food repeating, that awful bloated, lumpy feeling after eating and other stomach miseries. Banish all your stomach troubles so completely that you forget you have a stomach. Then you can eat what you like and digest your food in comfort without fear of distressing after effects.

If EATONIC does not relieve you, it will not cost you one penny. You can return it to your druggist and get your money back. So if you have the slightest question about your health—if you feel you are not getting all the strength out of your food—if you are not feeling tip-top, ready for your work, full of vim and vigor—do give EATONIC a fair trial this very day and see how much better you will feel.

### Building the Great Cathedral.

The real prosperity of Strassburg dates from the thirteenth century, when it already numbered 50,000 inhabitants. The bishops vainly strove to regain their former supremacy by force of arms, but Strassburg defended itself with much energy and at last enjoyed a period of relative peace, during which all classes lived in harmony.

This period coincides with a great development in the fine arts. It was then that Gottfried of Strassburg, the first Alsatian poet of the middle ages, was scribe in his native town, and Erwin of Steinbach, artist and architect, undertook to build the cathedral on the site of the former basilica, erected about 670 A. D. on a spot where once stood a temple dedicated to Hercules.

The original plan of Master Erwin has not been faithfully followed, and it must be admitted that the edifice has lost nothing through this, but has rather gained considerably. He had conceived of a facade two stories in height, dominated by two towers of equal height. It was, however, many years later that the cathedral was completed, and the two towers were welded together at the height of the first story, the left tower alone being finished, its delicate openwork spire a marvel of sculpture—rising 142 meters above the earth. The threefold portal, giving access to the three Gothic naves, is decorated by a multitude of remarkable sculptures.

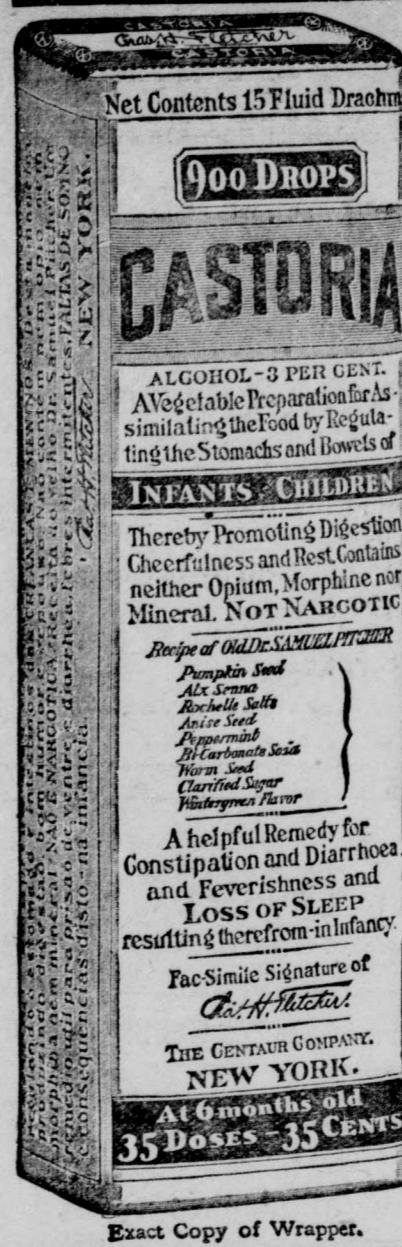
The great tower was finished in 1439, under the direction of John

### Houses of the Renaissance.

During the Renaissance, Strassburg enjoyed a prosperity of which some idea can be gained from the numerous monuments which were erected at that period. Many of these still exist, especially those old houses which abound in the little narrow streets in the neighborhood of the cathedral, where many picturesque old signs bear evidence to the past. The Boecklin house, which once belonged to a noble family of lower Alsace, is among the most celebrated of the period. The courtyard of this house contains a magnificent stone staircase, and it also possesses a particularly fine Renaissance doorway. The House of the Crow, dating from the fourteenth century, is famous for its remarkable courtyard, and it is said that Frederick the Great lodged there in 1740. The House of the Dragon, recently demolished, was in the fourteenth century the residence of the Knights of Endingen, whilst the famous Kamerzell house on the Cathedral place, dating from 1407, is of world-wide renown. Its three stories were built at successive periods; but coiffed with its high, slanting roof, so characteristic of Strassburg, it rather resembles an immense dove-cote with its many windows.

During the thirty years' war, Alsace fell under the rule of France; Strassburg became French on the 30th of September, 1681, whilst the annexation was definitely ratified by the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. Vauban personally directed the construction of the citadel in 1682. But his fortifications, strong as they were, could not resist the intensely terrific bombardment to which the Germans subjected the old city in August and September, 1870, and Strassburg was obliged to capitulate after barely a month's resistance. During the shelling of the city, many of its finest public edifices, which were for the most part of the eighteenth century, were destroyed. Amongst these figured the magnificent

library.



**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That  
Genuine Castoria  
Always  
Bears the  
Signature  
of

*Chat. H. H. Kitchener*  
In Use  
For Over  
Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**

THE GENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## WORMS

"Wormy," that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as distemper. Cost you too much to feed 'em? Don't worry, Spohn's Compound will remove the worms, improve the appetite, and tone 'em up all round and don't "physic." Acts on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists.

**SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.**

**The Note Returned.**  
"I put a note in the jar for the milkman." "Yes, my dear, I found it in the milk."—Kansas City Journal.

**Paradoxical Action.**  
Why do those two speak so coolly to each other?"

"Because they've had warm words."

### "Cold in the Head"

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

All Druggists 75c. Testimonials free.

\$100 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

When an occasion is piled high with difficulty, we must rise to the occasion.

Direct current is electricity flowing continuously in the same direction.

### For Colds, Catarrh or influenza



Don't suffer! A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store. Apply a few drops on the corns, calluses and "hard skin" on bottom of feet, then lift them off.

When Freezone removes corns from the toes or calluses from the bottom of the feet, the skin beneath is left pink and healthy and never sore or tender.

We have no right to feel badly because other people do not like us.—Rev. A. K. H. Boyd.

**If You Need a Medicine  
You Should Have the Best**

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine.

A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain, the remedy is recommended by those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says: "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a following."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills most every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Look before you leap and you'll be either a bachelor or an old maid.

**Granulated Eye-ids**  
Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murie Eye-Remedy. No Smearing, just Eye Comfort.

Your Druggists or by mail 60c per bottle. For Book of the Eye free write.

Marie Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Is the farmer's cow. She gives a liberal flow of milk and carries a natural healthy covering. She has white hair and thrives on the ordinary farm roughage. Why not start with two or three registered females? You would be surprised at the price.

Small bull will add 200 pounds to every steer you have. You can always sell a Shorthorn.

Shorthorn American Shorthorn Breeders' Association, 13 Dexter Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**FARM WANTED**

Must be good location and good soil. State whether improved or unimproved. Give nature of improvements and class of soil—name lowest price and terms.

**E. CULVER**

THE SQUARE DEAL LAND MAN

Box 36, Grand Forks, N. D.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 15-1919.

**TAKE EATONIC TODAY**  
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

**Jewelry and Repairing**

**SPECIAL**—Men's Leather Belts \$1.50 value for \$1  
Soft Collar Pins at 25c and 50c

Leave orders for piano tuning. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FRANK FRAIBERG

Closed Thursday afternoons.

Opposite P. E. Station

**REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE**

Special Attention to Renters  
Going to Buy?—Consult my  
lists.

Want to Rent?—Inspect my  
properties.

**A. N. ADAMS**

Phone Black 8.

22 North Baldwin Ave.

"Build the City—Trade Here"

**THE L. W. BLINN LUMBER CO.**

Incorporated

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Puget Sound Pine  
and Redwood

**LUMBER**

Shingles, Doors, Sash and General Building Material

W. C. LYNCH, JR., Agent - Sierra Madre, Cal.

**Automobile for Hire!****FIVE-PASSENGER OVERLAND**

Anywhere — Any Time — Night Calls A Specialty  
Rates \$2.00 per Hour

Special Rates by the Day—Minimum for Local Calls 25c

H. A. BINFORD

N. E. Cor. Highland and Mt. Trail Phone Black 122

**TELEPHONE  
RED 143**

FOR—POULTRY FEED, GRAINS AND HAY  
EGG MASH SCRATCH FOOD  
No Grit or Shell  
Wheat, Barley, Baby Chick Feeds, Dairy Feed, Hog Feed, Oil Meals  
Oats, Poultry Remedies, Etc. Etc.

—ALL AT LOWEST PRICES AND PROMPT DELIVERY—

**J. W. STRICKLAND**

139 ESPERANZA STREET Between Baldwin and Hermosa

**For Sale—CHEAP**

Some of the best business and residence lots on the  
West Side. All within the limits of Central, Highland,  
Hermosa and Lima.

Three fine corners on Central Avenue.

Apply to owner,  
102 N. Hermosa  
MRS. C. B. JONES,  
Phone Black 83.

**J. C. WHYTE  
Transfer and Express**

FURNITURE MOVING A SPECIALTY.

PHONE BLUE 55

148 N. MT. TRAIL

**FREE ICE CREAM**

A cone of Alfred's Ice Cream free  
to every boy and girl calling for it

**Saturday, May 10th—All Day**

We carry a complete line of Fresh Candies and Cigars

First Door East P. O. **Pettitt's News Stand**  
Phone Green 85

**A HOME BAKERY**

I WISH TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT I HAVE INSTALLED A  
HOME BAKERY

IN SIERRA MADRE AND WILL DEAL DIRECT WITH THE PUBLIC AND GIVE IT THE BENEFIT OF SAVING TWO OR THREE PROFITS. I GIVE YOU YEARS OF EXPERIENCE AND SANITARY BAKING AT A

Reduced Cost

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

**JOE HUTTNER**

REAR OF BERBEINS' STORE.

**SCHOOL NOTES**

Hilda Barrett, Editor.  
Viola Fennel and Mary Jameson,  
Reporters

The pupils of Miss Appleby's room  
are eagerly awaiting the germination  
of seeds planted in their sand table.

—x—

The kindergarten rooms were the  
scene of a May Party given by the  
Fourth grade and their teacher, Miss  
Powell, Friday afternoon, May 2. Many  
games were played after which  
refreshments of ice cream, cake and  
candy were served.

—x—

The Seventh grade is exhibiting at  
the library this week, the legends they  
have written.

—x—

The Sierra Madre Grammar school  
played Riveras and beat them 27 to 3.

—x—

The First grade pupils with the as-  
sistance of their teacher, Mrs. Alf,  
gave a delightful program at the P.T.  
A. meeting Wednesday afternoon,  
April 31st, at the kindergarten build-  
ing. Those who took part were Jose-  
phine Hare, Edith Hawks, Frances  
Moote, Gladys Settel, Florence Mar-  
zoli and Vernie Heisner in the Tea  
Party; Alfred Bennett, Milton Kirby  
and David Roess in Three Boys and  
a Drum; Frances Moote and William  
Felgate gave Jack and Jill; a song,  
"Sweet Pea Ladies" by Edith Hawks,  
Pearl Park, Frances Moote, Virginia  
Roess, Annabeth Drawbridge and  
Gladys Settel; two poems, one by the  
girls and one by the boys were the  
next numbers on the program, the  
girls reciting "The Girls We Like"  
and the boys "The Kind of Boys We  
Like to Know." Gladys Settel, Edith  
Hawks and Virginia Roess sang "Bye  
Baby Bunting."

**THE WOMAN'S CLUB**

By Mrs. Palmer Rhodes

The next meeting of the Sierra  
Madre Woman's Club will be held at  
the club house, on Monday evening,  
May 12 at 8 o'clock, at which time  
Harry Williams, Times' war corre-  
spondent, will speak. His subject being  
"From Paris to Brussels by Way of the  
Argonne-Ypres." The Board of  
Directors anticipating a most interesting  
program decided to make this an  
open meeting in order to give the  
opportunity of attending to anyone in  
Sierra Madre desirous of so doing.  
There will be no admission. Another  
interesting feature of the meeting  
will be the report of the nominating  
committee.

—x—

On Friday, May 9th, there will be a  
"May Dance" at the club house.  
Come prepared to have a happy time  
and perhaps you will be the lucky one  
in the spot dance.

**PRESIDENT TO THE PEOPLE**

President Wilson authorizes the fol-  
lowing statement:

"For two anxious years the Amer-  
ican people have striven to fulfill the  
task of saving our civilization. By the  
exertion of unmeasured power they  
have quickly won the victory without  
which they would have remained in  
the field until the last resource had  
been exhausted. Bringing to the con-  
test a strength of spirit made doubly  
strong by the righteousness of their  
cause, they devoted themselves un-  
swervingly to the prosecution of their  
undertaking in the full knowledge  
that no conquest lay in their path  
excepting the conquest of right."

Today the world stands free from  
the threat of militarism which has so  
long weighed upon the spirit and the  
labour of peaceful nations.

But as yet we stand only at the  
threshold of happier times. To enter  
we must fulfill to the utmost the en-  
gagements we have made. The Victo-  
ry Loan is the indispensable means.  
Two years ago we pledged our lives  
and fortunes to the cause for which  
we have fought. Sixty thousand of  
our strongest sons have redeemed for  
us that pledge of blood. To redeem in  
full faith the promise of this sacri-  
fice we now must give this new evi-  
dence of our promise."

Wedrow Wilson.

**SEEING IT THROUGH**

"Seeing it Through" is an American  
figure of speech.

It is used to describe:

The pugilist who fights blindly on  
even though he knows he is defeated.  
The business man who pays all his  
debts even though it means complete  
failure.

The soldier who calmly met death in a  
shell-hole because he had been or-  
dered to hold that position if possible.

The ability and determination to  
"See it Through" is recognized as an  
American attribute. The citizen who  
starts something and then fails to  
"See it Through" is lowered in the es-  
timation of his fellows.

We Americans started something in  
April, 1917. To all intents and pur-  
poses the job was ended last Novem-  
ber. As a matter of fact, a few de-

tails still are to be attended to—bills  
principally. Among other things Uncle  
Sam wants to bring home his  
nephews in France and take care of  
those who were wounded and crippled  
in winding up the Big Job. And  
there are other obligations that must  
be met.

In other words, we, as business as-  
sociates of Uncle Sam, will not be  
"Seeing it Through" until we have  
wiped out these debts.

And the way to do it is to buy  
Victory Liberty Loan Notes.

**NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ES-****TATE UNDER EXECUTION**

Sheriff's Sale

No. B-64714

Earle, Plaintiff.

vs.

Cooper, Defendant.

By virtue of an execution issued out  
of the Superior Court of the County  
Los Angeles, State of California,  
wherein Virginia Earle, plaintiff, and  
Sarah Cooper, defendant, upon a  
judgment rendered the 21st day of  
March, A. D. 1919 for the sum of  
Five hundred three and 45-100 (\$503.  
45) Dollars lawful money of the  
United States, besides costs and inter-  
est, I have levied upon all the right,  
title, claim and interest of said defen-  
dant Sarah Cooper of, in and to the  
following described real estate  
situate in the County of Los Angeles,  
State of California, and bounded and  
described as follows:

Lots forty-four (44) and forty-five  
(45) of Roosevelt Park Tract as per  
may recorded in book seven (7) at  
page one hundred and eighty-nine  
(189) in the office of the recorder of  
Los Angeles county, State of Califor-  
nia.

Public Notice is hereby given,  
That I will, on Tuesday the 13th day  
of May, A. D. 1919 at 12 o'clock M.  
of that day in front of the Court  
House door of the County of Los Angeles,  
Broadway entrance, sell at public  
auction, for lawful money of the  
United States, all the right, title,  
claim and interest of said defendant  
Sarah Cooper of, in and to the above  
described property, or so much thereof  
as may be necessary to raise sufficient  
to satisfy said judgment, with  
interest and costs, etc., to the highest  
and best bidder.

Dated this 17th day of April, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.  
By W. T. Osterholz, Deputy Sheriff.  
Thomas A. Sanson, Plaintiff's At-  
torney.

29-32

vs.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

By W. T. Osterholz, Deputy Sheriff.  
Thomas A. Sanson, Plaintiff's At-  
torney.

29-32

vs.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.

By W. T. Osterholz, Deputy Sheriff.  
Thomas A. Sanson, Plaintiff's At-  
torney.

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